PLATO's Advice

A new Song

SAys Plato, why ſhould man be vain?
Since bounteous heaven hath made him great,
Why looks he with inſolent diſdain,
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth and ſtate?
Can coſtly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt without diſtinction lie:
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles wore,
Their wealth and glory is bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the Skies,
And ſpreads along a gelded train,
When ſhot 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay,
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove he calls we muſt away.